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Genuine Account

Of all the
PERSONS of NOTE,

I N

S C O T L A N D,

Who are now engaged in the
SERVICE of the CHEVALIER :

P A R T I C U L A R LY

The Marquis of <i>Tullibardine</i> ,	Hon. <i>William Murray</i> , Esq;
The Duke of <i>Perth</i> ,	Colonel <i>Macgregor</i> ,
Lord <i>Ogilvie</i> ,	Major <i>Cameron</i> ,
Lord <i>Nairn</i> ,	Capt. <i>Mackenzie</i> , &c. &c. &c.
Lord <i>George Murray</i> ,	
General <i>Macdonald</i> ,	

And some Account of the Life of the AUTHOR.

E X H I B I T I N G

Not only their true Characters at large, but also
their Main Inducements for taking up Arms in
Favour of the young *Chevalier*.

The whole interspers'd with authentic Memoirs of the
most remarkable Transactions of their Lives, and occa-
sional Remarks on the Justice and Reasonableness of
their Present Conduct.

*Publish'd with their Approbation : Being design'd to
rescue their Characters from the Misrepresentations
of their Enemies.*

By Captain *ANDREW FERGUSON*,
of General *Macdonald's* Regiment.

The S E C O N D EDITION.

Printed and Publish'd at EDINBURGH.
LONDON Reprinted ; and sold by J. ROBINSON, at
the Golden Lion, in Ludgate-street. [Price One Shilling.]

Генуеze Академie
открыта
для изучения
личности
и
святости





A V I N G, with great Indignation, frequently seen our whole Party scoffed at and derided in the publick Papers, and being also credibly inform'd, that both we and our Cause are made a Subject of Ridicule in almost all Companies, as a Crew of ignorant, hair-brain'd, profligate Fellows, who neither fear God, nor regard Man ; and who, having neither Fortunes or Reputation to lose, are easily engaged in any desperate Undertaking, in which there is ever so distant a Possibility of bettering our own private Circumstances, though conscious that our Success must necessarily be derived from the Ruin of our Country.

Having, I say, with a just Resentment, reflected on these vile and scandalous Aspersions, I have determined to publish the following impartial Account of as many of the Officers, and other Chiefs in the Service of J——s the Third, as are within the Compass of my Knowledge, and whose Consent I have obtained for this Purpose; in order to give the World (by this genuine Sample) a just Idea of the Characters of the whole Party.

I am the more induced to this Undertaking, as the above Scurrilities are not only cast upon those of meaner Rank amongst us, but even the principal Officers, a Class of Gentlemen, whose Reputation I am more particularly interested in, as having my own Name honour'd with a Place in the List of them, being distinguis'd above my Fellows, by the Command of a Company in General *Macdonald's* Regiment.

It being a usual Thing to prefix the Lives of eminent Authors to their Writings

ings, I shall, in the first Place present the World with some Account of myself. To this indeed, I have a double Motive, as being not only an Author, but a considerable Actor in those very Scenes, to which this Work may justly be consider'd as the *Dramatis Personæ*.

My Father was an itinerant Merchant of the County of *Perth*, that is a retail Dealer in Linnen-Cloth, (in *English* a Pedlar) he brought me up to the same Business, in which I had such good Success, that, in less than fourteen Years Travel thro' various Parts of *England*, I cleared upwards of thirty Pounds Sterling. With this Sum, as I had the Advantage of a very good *Scotch* Education, I resolved to qualify myself for the Excise: Having always had an Ambition to live like a Gentleman, if ever I should have the good Fortune to get any thing considerable beforehand. For this Purpose, I applied to a certain Nobleman of my Country, whose Footman I had the Honour of being related too; and he, having a great Influence over his Master,

soon

soon obtained a Promise from him of speaking, in my Behalf, to one of the Commissioners, who happened to be his particular Friend. Hereupon, I diligently applied myself to the Study of *Arithmetick*, and was very successful in getting acquainted with an Exciseman, who, for only forty Shillings, generously gave me several useful Hints and Insights into his Business. During these Transactions, (which I should before have told the Reader happen'd in *London*, about ten Months ago) I chanced one Day to meet with an old Acquaintance who was just come from *Edinburgh*; after a mutual Inquiry into each others Affairs, he perswaded me to go down to that City; assuring me that he had a Friend there, who would provide for me in a Manner much more to my Satisfaction than the Excise. Accordingly I march'd down to this Metropolis, and had an Interview with my Friend's Friend, whom I found to be a Person privately employed by Sir *H—r M—c—n** (then abroad)

* This worthy Gentleman is now confin'd in the Tower of *London* for these Practices.

to enlist Men for the Service of the *French* King, tho' as I soon discover'd, that Monarch was not the King they meant. I was at first a little surpris'd and angry with my Friend, for sending me down upon this Account, without having first consulted my Inclinations, or founded my Principles : But having taken so long a Journey, my Pocket waxing low, and being also tempted with the Promise of a Captain's Commission, I at length accepted Sir *H—r*'s Proposals, being of Opinion that a Captain's Place would be more honourable than an Exciseman's. I continued in this City 'till his R—I H—fs came over : During which Interval I was treated with great Civility by Sir *H—r*'s Agent, who did me the Honour to borrow the Remainder of my Cash, and gave several other Marks of his Esteem and Confidence ; tho' by the way, I believe it was not intended that I should ever have got my Captain's Commission, and my Hopes might perhaps at last have terminated in a Serjeant's Halbert, had it not been for the lucky Circumstance of the Cash, which he not being able to repay, was

was glad to exert himself and get me made a Captain in good earnest, in order to put a Stop to my Clamours for the Money.

I must own that I entered into the Service with some Reluctance. My Conscience began to startle at the Roman Catholic Religion, having been strictly bred up in the Principles of Calvinism. But all my Scruples on this Account have been happily removed by a reverend Friend of mine, with whom my Relation aforesaid, had some Years ago brought me acquainted. This learned Gentleman was then *Valet de Chambre* to the Duke of —, at least he appeared to me as such, nor did I suspect him for any Thing else ; tho' in reality he was a Nonjuring Clergyman, and Titular Bishop of *Winchester* ; having been possessed of a Grant from *Rome*, of the Reversion of that Bishoprick ever since the Year 1715. When I first came to the Camp near Fort *William*, I was surprized to find this Gentleman there, in the Habit of an Ecclesiastick ; but he soon informed me that his Appearance was now in *Pro-*
pria

pria Personæ, and that I only knew him in Disguise before. Finding him a Person of great Parts and Learning, I freely communicated to him my Scruples of Conscience, which he soon quieted by clearly convincing me that Popery was the only Religion which a Christian King ought to profess. This he demonstrated from the Examples of *David*, *Solomon*, *Darius*, *Gregory the Great*, *Edward the Confessor*, and many others, all of whom he proved to be Papists. He also made it evident from *Baker's Chronicle*, and *Buchanan's History of Scotland* that Popes of *Rome*, and Roman Catholick Kings of *England* and *Scotland* were established long before *Calvin* dispersed his Heresies in the World — That the Whore of *Babylon*, against whom the said *Calvin* and his Disciples and Followers to this Day so incessantly rail, is very unjustly made to signify his Holiness of *Rome*, since it could never yet be proved that any of St. *Peter's* Successors were Harlots, except one *, whom the Church for that Reason has ejected out

* Pope *Joan.*

of the infallible List ; tho' perhaps she was as good a Woman as the Harlot of *Jerico*, of whom honourable Mention is made in the Bible. He concluded with observing, how absurd it was for a reasonable Creature to adhere to Presbyterianism, which, said he, is downright Perverseness, rather than to Popery, which is only Idolatry ; and that Idolatry is a very harmless Thing, whatever modern Hereticks and unwarantable Tranflations of the Scriptures may insinuate to the contrary : For, continued he, are we not told, that even *Solomon* himself, the wisest King that ever reigned over a Christian People, was an Idolater, even in his old Age ? A Time of Life, in which People are generally more Religious and Sober than in their younger Days.—Thus was I convinced of my Errors, and in this Manner were my Prejudicess happily rooted out. And now, I thank God, I am as sound in my Opinions and Principles, both religious and political, as any Orthodox Gentleman in the Service.

As this Abstract of my own History
will

will, I doubt not, be sufficient to engage the candid Reader's Esteem for the Author, I shall, without any further Preface or Preliminary, enter upon the Characters of the following loyal Gentlemen ; in the first Rank of whom stands his Grace the Duke of *Athol*.

This illustrious Person is more familiarly known in *England* by the Title of Marquis of *Tullibardine*, his Attachment to the Family of King *James II*, having occasioned the Loss of his Estate, which, together with the Title of Duke of *Athol*, was given to his younger Brother. Thus we are at no Loss to account for the Conduct of the Marquis, since the Recovery of his Inheritance absolutely depends upon a Revolution in favour of the *Chevalier*. It may, indeed, be objected that a good Man, especially with one Foot in the Grave, ought rather to forego the transient Enjoyment of a superfluous Fortune, than bring Slavery and Ruin into his Country purely for the Sake of dying a more distinguish'd Slave than his Neighbours :

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But

But these Objectors are desired to consider that such a Conduct would be quite inconsistent with the glorious Principles of a Jacobite; neither is this Doctrine agreeable to or warranted by the holy Roman Catholick Religion, which never requires its Professors to trouble their Heads with any such publick spirited Notions; the Love of one's Country favouring too much of Heresy and Lutheran Principles.

The Virtues of his Grace the Duke of *Perth*, are as much above Description, as his extraordinary Attachment to a Family which never did, nor ever can do him (or any body else) the least Service, transcends the Comprehension of Vulgar Minds, who only judge of human Actions, by the Rules of common Sense. So much Zeal and Fidelity, such uncommon Sentiments of Duty, to one whom half his Countrymen consider as their mortal Enemy, is certainly very surprising! No Favours which he has received from the *Hanover* Family; No Obligations which he may lie under to that Government;

No

No Motives of Gratitude, nor even the Odium of being stigmatized as a Traitor to his lawful King, or what is yet more, to the Liberty and Happiness both temporal and eternal of his Country, could ever shake the Firmness of his Resolutions, or deter him from conspiring the Ruin of both. In fine, tho' unconscious of any Reason why, tho' uninfluenced by any Convictions of his own Understanding, he bears an invincible Hatred to a Protestant Government. A Government which meaner Souls, indeed, may think themselves oblig'd by all the Ties of Humanity and Conscience, by all the Rules of right Reason and good Sense, to defend with the Hazard of their Lives and Fortunes :—But the Duke thinks otherwise ; at least he has the Grace to let the Church think for him, as his Fathers have wisely done before him. For this the Church considers him as her favorite Son, her most illustrious Champion ; the Pink of Loyalty, and the Glory of the common Cause.

Lord

Lord Ogilvie is a Character of a different Stamp, but equally illustrious: Their Dispositions being very unlike, tho' attended with the same Effects. The Duke loves the *Chevalier* much better than his Country; and was once convinced, by a Whig Gentleman, that if ever the former should get Possession of the *British* Crown, the latter would infallibly be ruin'd; a Conseqnence, which his Grace however thought immaterial, provided the Church was but satisfied; but as he was conscious of his own Inability to reason the People into his Measures, being no great Master in the Art of thinking, neither remarkable for his Elocution, therefore he never attempted to perswade any of his Dependents by dint of Argument or Promise of Reward to enter into the Service, but took the more expeditious Method of knocking them on the Head if they refused to comply with his Demands. On the other Hand, the Love of his Country is the ruling Passion of Lord Ogilvie. Zealous in the Cause of Liberty, and a true Friend to the Protestant Religion he thinks it the Duty of every honest Man to

to sacrifice his Life, if need be, for the Preservation of either. And as his Conscience, or his Wisdom, I will not by positive which, tells him, that neither the religious or civil Rights and Liberties of his Country can be secure but under a Popish Defender, he is most indefatigable in his Endeavours to place such a Defender on the Throne: And his excessive Impatience to see the Happiness of this Nation compleat provokes him, no less than the Duke of *Perth*, to treat his Tenants, and all others in his Power, who are of a contrary Sentiment, with an equal Degree of Severity.

Lord *George Murray*, a younger Brother of the Duke of *Athol*, is universally allow'd to be a Person of as much Prudence, Honour, Wit, and Learning as any Gentleman in the Service: — Add to these Qualifications the Beauty and Majesty of his Person, the Vivacity of his Air, and the sparkling Liveliness of his Conversation, and you see a future L—d Chancellor, Master of the Ceremonies,

or

Speaker of the House of Commons compleat.—The Malice of my Lord George's Enemies, hath indeed contrived to lessen his Character, by insinuating that his Brother the Duke * hath enticed him into the Service, by a Promise of Recommending him to his Holiness of *Rome*, and paying his Passage to that City, in order to procure a Settlement in the Church; by which (say the envious Varlets) he may be able, for the future, to live like a Gentleman, instead of starving like a Lord. But this is so bare-faced an Asper-
fion, that I think it unnecessary to animadvert upon it. I shall only observe, that my Lord George's Birth and Circum-
stances have happily placed him above any such Lucrative Views; the younger Brothers of the *Athol* Family, having no less than one hundred Pounds Sterling *per Annum*, allow'd them to subsist on: An Income sufficient, surely, to support a less reasonable Person than my Lord George in a Manner suitable to the Dignity of his Birth or the Grandeur of his Title.

* The Marquis of *Tullibardine*.

General *Macdonald* is the Son of *Donald Macdonald*, of the Island of *Mul'*. The P. of *W.* advanced him to the Dignity he now possesses, for his Valour and Conduct in the following remarkable Affair. A Detachment of Highlanders were sent out in search of Provisions, and Mr. *Macdonald*, then only a Drummer, was one of them. Their Design was upon a Village of six Houses and a Black-smith's Shop; having a strong Suspicion that one of the Inhabitants was possessed of a considerable Quantity of Oat-Meal. This Farmer (perceiving the Detachment as they descended from a distant Mountain and being apprehensive, from the recent Fate of some others Farmers in those Parts, that their coming boded no good to his provisions (had perswaded his Neighbours to remove their best Effects into his House, which he proposed they should all join to defend to the last Extremity. This Proposal being agreed to, the Detachment found all the Houses abandon'd, except this Farmer's, which was the strongest of them all, and very well barricaded on the inside with Benches, Pack-Saddles,

C

Swine.

Swine-troughs, &c. and fortified without by a Hog-stye on one Side, a Dung-hill-lake on the other, and a Cow-house joined to the back of it; so that the Place was difficult of Access on all Sides except the Front. The Highlanders having taken a View of the Fortification, a Council of War was called, in which it was agreed to attack the House in Front; and a Corporal with six Men was appointed to keep a sharp lookout, that none of the Garrison might escape with the Stores through the back Doors, or Windows, and also to pick up the straggling Poultry. The Assault was furious, though made with great Order, and every necessary Precaution. Captain *Kilfergus* led up the Attack, follow'd by the Drum and a Bag-Piper. The Assailants soon made them selves Masters of a Wicket which defend-ed the Passage to the House Door, and also demolish'd two Batteries, one consist-ing of a large Turf-Rick and the other of a great Pile of Faggots, but neither of these were occupied by the Enemy. At the House itself, indeed, they met with a vigorous Resistance; the Garrison hap-pening

pening to be provided with two or three old fire Arms, such as the Country People make use of for killing wild Geese, and which they loaded, contrary to the Laws of War, with broken Tobacco-Pipes, and other Materials of the like Nature. When these failed for Want of Powder, they made use of Logs of Wood and great Stones taken from the House-Floors and Hobbs, with several other Kinds of Rubbish, all which they plentifully poured from the Windows. A young Woman, particularly, threw a large Quantity of burning Turf-Ashes from a Garret-Window, which sorely annoyed almost the whole Detachment. Another Virago flung scalding Water, which did no less Execution. In short, the Highlanders found the Service too hot, and began to retire to a further Distance : But the valiant *Macdonald*, disdaining all Thoughts of a Retreat, advanced courageously towards the Hog-stye, and vigorously forced his Way, Drumsticks in Hand, to the Top of the Roof; where he made a resolute Stand, and encouraged his Fellows by his

Shouts and his Drum. The others, re-animated by seeing him in Possession of this Fort, returned to the Attack with redoubled Fury ; but were as obstinately repulsed by the Garrison. Tho' the Windows were by this Time demolish'd, Pitch-Forks, Shovels, Spades, and Iron-Crows made good the Breaches. These the Farmers handled so lustily, that those who offer'd to enter by scalade were immediately beaten back with the Loss of their Teeth, their Noses dismounted, or their Heads broke. *Sawney Wilson* lost the Fore-finger of his left Hand. *Andrew Ker's* Bonnet was carried off by a Pitch-Fork, *Joe Anderson* had his Ear cut off and his Plaid tore by a rusty Sickle ; and the Corporal who was appointed to guard the Avenues, &c, fell into the Dunghill-lake as he was too eagerly pursuing a Goose, and would inevitably have been drowned, had he not, by some Means or other, got out again. In fine, the Assailants had been again put into Disorder, had not the Bag-Piper, excited by the Example of the adventurous *Macdonald*, got also upon the Hog-Stye, and vigorously re-inforced the Racket

Racket of the Drum with the roaring of his Pipes. The united Force of these heroic Musicians, who acted with great Advantage from the Height of this Eminent, gave new Life to the Highlanders, inspired them with fresh Ardour, and made them redouble their Efforts : The Sound being rendered unusually Martial the incessant Cries of a huge Boar, a Sow, and a Litter of Pigs ; who, disturbed by the Clamour of the Musick, and the Noise of the Fighting, set up their Throats, and were as loud as the loudest. And now, the Ammunition of the Defendants being nigh spent, the Place was on the Point of being taken, when suddenly the Assailants were alarmed with a dreadful Noise from the Hog-stye ; into which the unwearied Musicians had fallen through the treacherous Thatch, and unfortunately crush'd several of the young Pigs to Death. Hereupon the Boar enraged at seeing his Mansion thus rudely enter'd, and his Progeny so inhumanly slaughter'd before his Eyes, advanced against the sprawling Champions, his Countenance full of Fury, and his dreadful Tusks over-flowing

flowing with the Foam of his devouring Jaws. The astonish'd Piper, who chanced to lie uppermost, had no sooner recover'd his Fall than his affrighted Eyes were saluted with the Sight of his approaching Enemy ! Defenceless and aghast he stood, having neither Strength or Courage sufficient to cry out for Help. And before any Assistance could get over the out-works of the Fort, the grizly Animal seized him by his Posteriors, and furiously hoisting him up, chanced to fling him upon the Pallisadoes, on the outside of which he hung by his Plaid, which happen'd to catch hold of a strong Splinter of Wood on the Inside. By this Time the brave *Macdonald* had recover'd himself from the Depth of the Puddle and the Tramplings of the Sow ; and seeing the inglorious Fate of his Companion, thus shamefully suspended in the Air, he immediately disengaged himself from the shatter'd Remains of his Drum, and bravely drew forth a broad Cutlass which hung by his Side, resolving upon Death or Victory ; As a Butcher's Mastiff darts from his Co-

vert

vert on the unwary Hound whose ill Fate leads him within the Purlieus of the Stall, so flies *Macdonald* on the head-strong Boar : Who, blind with Rage, still vainly endeavours to wreak his Vengeance on the Piper now beyond his Reach. The first Blow hamstrung the unwieldy Foe, whose hinder Parts, bereft of their Support, sunk down into the Mire ; the second deeply pierced his bellowing Wind-Pipe, and laid the raging Monster dead at the Conqueror's Feet.

This glorious Exploit was performed in Sight of the whole Detachment ; who by this Time had broke down the Pallisadoes, and forced their Way to his Assistance : struck with Admiration at the Adventure, and charmed with the Valour of the Drummer, his Fellows unanimously agreed to place him at their Head, in the Room of Captain *Kilfergus*, who had been disabled by a Shot from a Vessel full of hot Turf-ashes, which took him full in the Face, as he was giving Orders for demolishing a Chamber Window :

Again

Again they return to the Attack: But now, instead of the Resistance they met with before, they found the Garrison fled and the Oat-Meal Magazine, which they had so warmly contended for, scatter'd all over the House and trampled under Foot.

When this Affair was laid before his R. H. he rewarded the intrepid *Macdonald* with the Command of a Regiment and a General's Staff; not doubting but the same Genius which had so remarkably exerted itself in the Affair of the Hog-Stye, would do much greater Things at the Head of an Army. It is indeed whisper'd that the new General has made such a Progress in his Master's Favour, that he has obtained a Grant of the important Office of Secretary of State, in the Room of the Duke of *Newcastle*; and 'tis even affirmed that he is actually Learning to read, write, and cast up Accounts, in order to qualify himself for this new Dignity.

Colonel *Macgregor*, of the Highlands, was brought up to the Hereditary Employment

ployment of his Family, *viz.*, the Education of wild Horses. When his R. H. arrived in *Scotland*, Mr. *Macgregor* made him a Present of one of these Animals, (a fine one of its Kind) which he assured his R. H. was so well broke, that tho' he was once the wildest and most high-spirited Creature that ever rang'd over the Rocks; yet since he had lost his Liberty, and had been used to the Trammels, he was become as meek and tractable as a Lamb. His R. H. looking on Mr. *Macgregor*'s Profession and Present as a good Omen, immediately gave him a Colonel's Commission; declaring that he doubted not but he who so well understood to subdue the unruly Spirit of a wild Horse, would be very instrumental in breaking the ungovernable Spirits of the *English*, who had been so long unused to the Curb, that it was but too probable Mr. *Macgregor*'s Assistance would be highly necessary in order to make that Nation know its Rider.

The Honourable *William Murray*,
Esquire, is universally esteemed as a very
D honest

honest well-meaning Gentleman, tho' no great Scholar, as the Phrase is: His natural Qualities and Disposition serving rather to make him *useful* than *conspicuous*, as the famous Lord *Somers* said of himself—— the Reader may form a tolerable Idea of this worthy Person's Character from the following remarkable Instances.

About the Time of the intended Invasion, in 1743, Mr. *Murray* began to entertain some Scruples of Conscience with regard to the Justice of the *Chevalier's* Pretensions, and the Lawfulness of Rebelling against *George* the Second. Having no Body in his Neighbourhood to whom he cared to communicate his Doubts, his Perplexity began to prey upon his Mind, and soon became visible in his Countenance. Among others who took Notice of his Uneasiness, an old Woman who had been his Nurse, and whom he gratefully retain'd still in the Family, expressed great Concern thereat; and one Day, as the Squire was sitting alone in his Chamber, reading *Nixon's Cheshire*

Cheshire Prophecy, prompted by the Excess of her Affection for her Foster-Child, she took the Liberty of enquiring into the Cause of his Grief. Mr. *Murray*, having a great Veneration for his Nurse, notwithstanding she was a rigid Calvinist, was soon prevailed on to trust her with his Secret. He even proceeded so far in his Condescension as to ask her Advice, with Regard to his own Conduct, and the Part he should take in so nice an Affair, if the *Chevalier* should actually come over to *Scotland*: By the Way the Reader is not to wonder at the Deference paid by Mr. *Murray* to this good Body, or think it any Disparagement to his Understanding, since, as all the Neighbourhood can witness, *Honest Marget* (for that is her Name) is inferior to the Squire himself in nothing but Fortune; and has always been reverenced by him as a Person of deep Judgment and great Experience; but above all for her extensive Knowledge in the History of her own Times. But, to return to my Narrative, a very earnest Debate ensued betwixt his Honour and Mrs. *Marget*, upon the former's discovering the Designs of the *Chevalier*.

D 2 good

good old Woman immediately began to inveigh bitterly against Popery (as she in the Heat of her Zeal, did not scruple to phrase it) protesting she had rather beg her Bread from Door to Door in a Christian Country, than be ever so well maintained, against her Conscience, in a Nunnery, or to be forced, against her Will, to confess her Sins to a Priest. She also expatiated very movingly on the Miseries of a civil War, which she was greatly apprehensive the Nation would be afflicted with, if the *Chevalier* should make any open Attempts on this side the Water; and declared, with a particular Emphasis, " that " she would sooner wish to die that Mo- " ment, than live to fall into the Hand " of the rude *Highlanders*, or the Hea- " then Inhabitants of *Long Island*, &c. " whose unchristian Behaviour she had " Cause to remember ever since the Rebel- " lion in 1715; having her self at that " Time narrowly escaped being ravished, " tho' considerably stricken in Years then: " But, as God would have it, they only " plunder'd her of her Money, a Linnen " Handkerchief, and a Pair of Spectacles. She added, that " notwithstanding she was now

“ now upwards of fourscore and nine, yet
 “ no body knew what might happen to her
 “ if, which God forbid, such troublesome
 “ Times should come again; nor what
 “ Trials her Virtue might still undergo:
 “ That what has once happened, may
 “ happen again; but, let come what
 “ would, God’s Will be done,—her
 “ Trust was in Heaven, and not in her
 “ own Strength.”

On the other-hand, Mr. *Murray* did not fail to make himself Advocate on this Occasion, for the Chevalier; and endeavoured to convince his Nurse that her Fears and Apprehensions were not quite so justly founded as she might imagine. He insisted, particularly, that it was almost impossible for any Man to be so wicked as to use a Woman, so venerable, for Age and Wisdom as Mrs. Marget, in such an indecent and barbarous Manner as her Fears had suggested. That whatever Sort of Behaviour the Highlanders, &c, used towards her in 1715, he doubted not but she would now find them much civiliz’d: And though he would not venture to insure her Money or Cloaths, yet he durst be answerable for her

her Virtue at all Events. With regard to the other Parts of the good Woman's Speech, the 'Squire also animadverted upon them with equal Force and Spirit ; but as I would not be censured for Prolixity, I shall forbear to recite every Argument made use of in this memorable Conversation : Therefore I shall abridge this Part of the History, by informing the Reader, in brief, that Mrs. *Marget* did not fail to answer his Honour, and that his Honour again replied to Mrs. *Marget*, and Mrs. *Marget* rejoined to his Honour : But neither could he perswade her over to the Chevalier's Party ; nor could she convince him that he ought absolutely to renounce. — At length they had Recourse to *Nixon's Prophefy* ; (which as I have observed, the 'Squire had just been reading) hoping, that since they could not determine upon what *ought to be*, they might be able, by this Prophet's Assistance, to find out what *was to be*. Mr. *Murray* was perswaded that he had certainly discovered the true Meaning of some of the chief Predictions of that Seer, *viz.* ' that the Miller with three Thumbs was

" was his Holiness of *Rome* with his triple Crown ; that the tumbling down of the Wall portended either the Rise or Fall of the *Hanover* or the *Stuart's Family*, or something of that Nature ; and the sinking of the Stone in the Forest signified that the *Roman Crucifix* (*i. e.* the *Roman Catholick Religion*) should again be fixed and established in this Island."

On the other hand, the old Woman explained these Passages very differently ; and tho' she expressed her Interpretations in such mysterious Terms, that they could never be rightly understood to this Day, yet, to her immortal Honour be it recorded, she approved herself, on this Occasion, equal to the most voluminous of our modern Commentators ; nor have *Burkit*, *Whitby*, or even *Gill* himself, excelled her in the profound, or more securely wrapped up the Treasure of hidden Meanings. In fine, she expounded the *Cheshire Prophet* in a Manner so incomprehensible, and so like a Divine of the Church of *Rome*, that Mr. *Murray* almost

most suspected her for a Priest in Disguise ; and having a good Catholic Understanding, he was more than once inclined to believe as she did. But Mrs. *Marget* happening to make an Excursion from *Nixon* to the North-Lights, and some other Phænomena which she had lately observed; and which, tho' perhaps nearer and more visible to the Inhabitants of *Lapland*, must undoubtedly portend something wonderful or terrible to this Island. The mentioning of these strange Things immediately put Mr. *Murray* upon recollecting, that in 1727, a Neighbour of his had a Field of Turnips entirely spoiled by the Worms ! an Accident which had not happened to any Body in those Parts within the Memory of Man. But what followed still render'd the Phænomenon more surprizing, viz. that a Crop of *Irish* Potatoes, which he put into the same Ground, upon the Miscarriage of the Turnips, came to very great Perfection. But the next Season he again sowed it with Turnip-seed, which, as before, came up, but the Roots were again destroyed by the same Kind of Worms.

Worms. The Farmer now despairing of ever being able to make this Field produce Turnips, set Potatoes in it again, and sowed another Field with Turnip-Seed, which came up very promisingly. Adjoining to this Field stood an Inn, upon the High-Road to *Glasgow*, at which a Hog-driver happened to put up for one Night; and had a large Drove of those Animals quarter'd in an old Barn belonging to the Inn: The back Part of which opened into the last mentioned Turnip-Field. Now it so happened, that in the Night-time the Hogs broke thro' into that very Field, and devour'd both Root and Branch tearing and plowing up the Earth with their greedy Snouts in such a Manner, that in the Morning there was scarce a Turnip left in the Ground! "I remember, con-
 tinued the 'Squire, that the surprizing
 Fate of this Farmer's three successive
 Crops of Turnips, caused much Specu-
 lation in the Neighbourhood, especial-
 ly as it began in so remarkable a Year
 as that in which King *George* the Se-
 cond came to the Throne. The Far-
 mer himself, who had been a Tenant

" to the famous *Earl of Mar*, and held
 " the Principles, as well as the Land, of
 " that Nobleman, immediately accounted
 " for the Prodigy; declaring it portended
 " the *Ruin of the Hanoverian Government*
 " in England, and that it would certainly
 " happen in this King's Reign.—Now
 " you know, Nurse, and every Body
 " knows, that *Hanover* is a Country that
 " produces great Plenty of Turnips,
 " which makes it indeed very probable
 " that the *Scotch Farmer's Misfortune*
 " ought to be understood as a Type of
 " great Misfortunes to that Family which
 " is possessed of this same Turnip Coun-
 " try."

This miraculous Story very much puz-
 zled Mrs. Marget. "Sir, (says she) I
 " must confess, that what you have re-
 lated concerning the Turnip-Fields, is
 " mighty strange indeed; and I believe
 " it is really a Sign of something that
 " will certainly happen sometime or
 " other.—But God's Will be done.—
 " Your Honour is, to be sure, more
 " learned than I. But, what think you,
 " Sir,

" Sir, are the *Irish* Potatoes a Sign of?—
 " for my Part, I think, that if the Tur-
 " nips signify *Hanover*, the Potatoes re-
 " late to something about *Ireland*;”—
 " Nay, God knows, (says Mr. *Murray*)
 " what the Potatoes signify,—The Far-
 " mer did not tell us his Opinion con-
 " cerning them; and I, Mrs. *Marget*,
 " do not set up for so much Learning as
 " you may imagine.—Perhaps, as you
 " say, the Potatoes may prognosticate
 " something concerning *Ireland*—that
 " is a Circumstance I did not before
 " think on;—probably the flourishing
 " of the Potatoes where Turnips would
 " not grow, is a Sign that the *Irish* will
 " be very instrumental in bringing in the
 " Chevalier: But for that, as you say,
 " God's Will be done.—But, now,
 " my dear Nurse, (continues the 'Squire)
 " I will tell you the particular Reason of
 " all my Doubts and Uneasiness, with
 " regard to the Justice of the Chevalier's
 " Pretensions. Sometime ago, as an
 " Acquaintance of mine, (a very honest
 " Man, tho' a fast Friend to the House of
 " *Hanover*; and who, by the Way, is

" an Officer in a Regiment of Dragoons,
" and myself were alone in a Tavern,
" and engaged in a warm Dispute, con-
cerning the Birth of the Chevalier. In
" which I particularly insisted that it was
" very unreasonable, and injurious to the
Character of King James the Second, to
suppose him capable of imposing upon
the Nation a spurious Heir to his
Crown. To this my Friend reply'd,
with a Smile, saying, Mr. Murray, tho'
you and I differ something in our Princi-
ples, yet I shall ever consider you as a Gen-
tleman of good Sense and strict Honour,
and therefore I am proud of your Acquain-
tance. Now Sir, (quoth the Officer) after
what I have said, you may be sure I will
not go about to deceive you with idle Sto-
ries and chimerical Suppositions; on the
contrary, you may depend upon a Secret,
which I am going to communicate to you,
as a certain Fact: And that is, that in a
certain Monastery, near Paris, is kept the very
Warming-Pan in which the Infant Cheva-
lier was conveyed into the Queen's Bed.---
And further, as an undoubted Testimony of
that Imposture, and of this being the real
Warming-

Warming-Pan made use of on that Occasion, the Figure of a Child is supernaturally imprinted on the Inside of the Lid; and this in such indelible Marks, that no human Art could ever erase the Impression. King James, whilst he resided at St. Germains, would have melted it down, but his Confessor prevented him, insisting, that as a Miracle had been wrought upon the Pan, he ought to give it up to the Church. Upon this the Affair was communicated to Lewis the XIVth, to whom King James confess'd, that the P. of W. was not the Son of the Queen. However, it was thought convenient, for the good of the Common Cause, to carry on the Imposture. As for the Warming-Pan, it was consecrated by the Miracle, and privately deposited in that Monastery where it now remains.

" The Officer was going (continued Mr. Murray) to let me know by what Means
 " he became acquainted with this Secret,
 " when a Gentleman, whom he had ap-
 " pointed to meet at this Tavern, com-
 " ing in, interrupted us: However, as I
 " was impatient to be satisfied on this
 " Head, he promised to see me the next
 " Day

" Day ; but we were both disappointed ;
 " for that very Night an Order came by
 " the Post, for his Regiment to go into
 " Flanders, and my Friend was obliged
 " to march in twenty-four Hours time ;
 " nor have I heard any thing of him
 " since. — This it is that gives me so
 " much Trouble. The Story may be
 " true for ought that I know : And if
 " so, how dishonourable will it be, to
 " have the Son of a Warming-Pan for
 " our King ? — On the other Hand, it
 " is not impossible but that my seeming
 " Friend may have invented the whole
 " Story, on purpose to impose on my
 " Credulity, and serve his own Party :
 " But yet I am unwilling to think him
 " capable of such a base Trick. — In
 " short, I know not what to think. —

Here Mr. Murray was interrupted by
 his Nurse. — " Lord, Sir, says the old
 " Woman, I dare say the honest Gen-
 " tleman would scorn to tell you a Lie. —
 " I always thought the Report of the Che-
 " valier's being born in a *Warming-Pan*
 " was true. — I remember the Time
 " when

" when it was in every Body's Mouth,
 " and most Folks believ'd it: And, to
 " be sure, Sir, so many thousand People
 " could not be all mistaken.—Every
 " *Why* must have its *Wherfore*, as the
 " Saying is.—Such an Opinion could
 " never rise out of nothing; it must have
 " some Foundation.—But, now I be-
 " think myself, I can perhaps put your
 " Honour in a Way to find out whether
 " the Gentleman's Story be really true or
 " not: And this must be done by a
 " Charm.—How! a Charm! says the
 " 'Squire, to discover the Truth or Fal-
 " shood of a Story?" Yes, indeed, quoth
 the Nurse, *I had the Receipt from my*
Mother, who, rest her Soul, is dead and
gone many a long Day since. She under-
 stood a great many such Things, and could,
 at any Time, discover who stole her Poul-
 try, Spoons, or Linnen, as well as detect
 her Children whenever they told *Lies*.—
 For my Part, I durst not tell a single Fib
 to save my Life, after I knew that she
 could find it out by such a strange Me-
 thod.—In short, the old Woman pro-
 pos'd to try the Veracity of the Officer's
 miraculous

miraculous Story, by this Touch-stone, that very Night ; to which the latter willingly consented.

Accordingly, when Night came, this good Body accompanied the 'Squire to his Chamber, and immediately proceeded to the Operation in manner as follows : First she crossed him thrice on the Forehead ; *a Circumstance which, as it had a very Catholic Aspect, greatly strengthened his Faith with regard to the Virtue of the Charm.* In the next place she repeated the Lord's Prayer backwards, three Times ; then she laid three Case Knives, in the Form of a Triangle, under his Pillow. This done, she asked which Way *Flanders* lay, and being told, she turned herself about three Times, stopping as often with her Face towards *Flanders*, and repeating in their Order one of these Lines each Time she stopped, *viz.*

*I had a Piece of Pye
For telling a Lie,
And away came I.
And*

And so wishing the 'Squire a good Night, she accordingly withdrew, charging him not to forget the least Tittle of what he might happen to dream.

Early the next Morning Mrs. *Marget* awakes the 'Squire by three gentle Taps at his Chamber-Door, and having gained Admittance, she seated herself on the Bed-side; and then Mr. *Murray* began to repeat his Dream as follows :

" Methought, said he, I saw the Court
" of King *James* the Second, just in the
" manner that it was in *England* at the
" Time of the Chevalier's Birth. That
" all the Transactions relating to the
" Queen's supposed Delivery of that
" Prince, as told us by Bishop *Burnet* and
" others, were acted again before my
" Eyes; or rather I thought this the
" very individual Day of that Queen's
" supposed Delivery, which happened a-
" bove fifty-five Years ago. My Fancy
" had placed me in her Majesty's Bed-
" Chamber, among the Nobility &c.
" whom King *James* had introduced

" therein, in order to be Witnesses of the
 " Birth of the Child. Though her Ma-
 " jesty's Cries were loud enough, yet I
 " thought I could distinctly hear the louder
 " Cries of another Female Voice in a di-
 " stant Chamber, and which also seemed
 " to be occasioned by the Pangs of Deli-
 " very. Whilst the Lords and myself
 " were wondring at this other Noise, it
 " suddenly ceased, and soon after a Wo-
 " man came into the Room with a new-
 " litter'd Dog-Puppy, which she carried
 " in a Fire-shovel, and presented to the
 " Queen, who tenderly kissed and ca-
 " ressed it, and then gave it to the King ;
 " but as his Majesty was about to give the
 " little Beast the same Marks of his Af-
 " fection, the graceless young Animal
 " piss'd a most plentiful Stream into the
 " Monarch's Face : On Sight of which
 " the Courtiers, forgetting the Respect due
 " to their Sovereign, fell a laughing very
 " heartily ; and I also laughed so loud at
 " the Oddity of his Majesty's Disaster, that
 " I was awaked by the Agitation, and the
 " whole Scene vanished."

When

When the Squire had ended his Relation, " Blefs us, quoth the old Woman, lifting up her Hands, How wonderful are the Works of Nature! That very Noise which your Honour fancied you heard in a distant Chamber from the Queen's, was certainly the Squalling of our *Madge*, who kitten'd last Night in my Room, in a Coal-box, in which I had put a few Shavings to light the Fire withal: And what is still more strange, the Cat happened to have but one Kitten. Now this Kitten agrees with your Honour's Puppy; and so does the Coal-Tub with your Fire-Shovel: And both with the Gentleman's Warming-Pan. Thus your Honour sees what Pains Providence hath taken to shew you the manner of the Chevalier's Birth! First, by Means of me, a poor unworthy old Woman; Secondly, by the Kittening of the Cat; and, thirdly, by your own Dream. Your Honour thought you heard some body in labour in a distant Room: And *Madge fell in Labour in my Room*. Your

‘ Honour dreamt of a Puppy ; *Madge*
“ *actually brought forth a Kitten.* Your
“ Honour’s Puppy appeared in a Fire-
“ Shovel : *Madge’s Kitten came into the*
“ *World in a Coal-Box.* The Officer
“ declares the Chevalier was brought forth
“ in a Warming-Pan ; and that this War-
“ ming-Pan is still to be seen in a Mona-
“ stery : *And I also can produce the Coal-*
“ *Box.* The Cries of one in Labour in
“ another Room undoubtedly proves that
“ somebody was brought to bed instead
“ of the Queen ; and the bringing in of
“ the Puppy in a Fire-Shovel, shews how
“ the other Person’s Child was brought
“ to their Majesties in a Warming Pan :
“ But the most remarkable Circumstance
“ is the Disgrace brought upon the King’s
“ Face, which plainly signifies the Loss
“ of his Crown, and all those Misfortunes
“ which befel that Monarch shortly after
“ the Birth of this same Chevalier ; and
“ which, as I have often heard Mrs. *Cut-*
“ *peper* the Midwife say, never would
“ have befallen him, had he not so hei-
“ nouly affronted the common People of
England

“ *England*, by offering to impose upon
“ them, and make them believe he had
“ got them an Heir to the *British* Crown
“ on the Body of his *Queen*, when at
“ the same Time the People were better
“ informed, and most of ‘em believed it
“ was only the Son of a Washerwo-
“ man.” —— Here Mrs. *Marget* cea-
sed, and Mr. *Murray*, after some Recol-
lection within himself, and reflecting on
the concurring Testimonies of common
Fame, the Officer’s Story, the kittening
of the Cat, his own wonderful Dream,
and his Nurse’s Interpretation, immedi-
ately abjured the *Chevalier* before the old
Woman’s Face ; declaring himself her
Convert, and that from thenceforth he
would always demean himself as a faith-
ful Subject to King *George*.

Having thus given the Reader a suc-
cinct and impartial Account of the Means
whereby Mr. *Murray*, for a short Time,
become an Apostate from the righteous
Cause wherein he is now engaged, I shall
next relate by what Means he was happily
recon-

reconverted and brought back to his former Principles.

About nine Months since this Gentleman travelling betwixt *Edinburgh* and *Berwick*, happen'd, on the Road, to overtake an *English* Clergyman, with whom, as they jogg'd along together, he discoursed indifferently upon various Subjects. At length the Conversation turning wholly on the present War, the Clergyman soon discover'd himself to be a zealous Whig, by strenuously apologising for all the Measures of the Government, since the *Hanover Family* came to the *British* Throne. But how agreeably was Mr. *Murray* surprised to find that his Fellow-Traveller was Brother to the Officer who had communicated to him the Secret of the miraculous Warming-Pan? This he accidentally discover'd by the Clergyman's happening to mention a Brother he had in Colonel —'s Regiment then in *Flanders*. Upon this Discovery Mr. *Murray* told the other the whole Story of his Conversion from *Jacobitism*, at which the latter was struck with such

such Amazement that for a short Space of Time he remained Speechless, as not knowing what to make of so extraordinary an Event. Being, however, a Person of a quick Apprehension, he soon formed a tolerable Idea of the Stranger's Character, and his Surprise being now remov'd, he addressed himself to Mr. Murray as follows.

“ Sir, I perceive you are a very honest
 “ inoffensive Gentleman, and, as such, I
 “ esteem you. And, though I myself
 “ have not the Honour of your Acquain-
 “ tance, I sincerely respect you as the
 “ Friend of my Brother. For these Reasons
 “ I think myself obliged in Conscience to
 “ undeceive you with regard to certain
 “ Circumstances of the Relation you have
 “ given me. My Brother indeed has been
 “ fortunately instrumental in your Conver-
 “ sion, and your good Nurse has com-
 “ pleated the Work; but there yet re-
 “ mains something of Importance to be
 “ done, in order for the better fixing
 “ your new Principles, and to strengthen
 “ that

" that Work by the Force of Reason, and
 " Conviction of the Understanding : For,
 " pardon my Freedom, Sir, your present
 " Attachment to his Majesty King *George*
 " proceeds only from a blind Resignation to
 " what you have never rightly understood.
 " The Foundation my Brother has laid,
 " is too mean for the noble Superstruc-
 " ture. 'Tis unworthy a Cause like ours ;
 " 'tis unworthy the Character of a Gentle-
 " man to profess any System of Opinions
 " from such out of the way Inducements.
 " —A Man of Sense, a true Whig, scorns
 " to trouble his Head about the legitimacy
 " of the Pretender's Birth ; that being a
 " Point of little or no Consequence, in
 " Comparison of the important Articles of
 " Religion, Laws, and Liberties. These
 " are what he chiefly attends to in all
 " Questions, in all Debates concerning the
 " Rights and Power of Kings, and the
 " Duty of Subjects. He thus Examines
 " the Principles of *Jacobitism*.—May
 " we absolutely depend upon having the
 " Blessings we enjoy, under the mild Ad-
 " ministration of the *Hanover Family*,
 " con-

" continued to us, and equally cultivated
 " under the Government of a Person E-
 " ducated at *Rome*, or trained up at the
 " Feet of a despotic *Frenchman*? No, 'tis
 " replied by the united Voices of Reason,
 " Common-Sense, and dear-bought Ex-
 " perience.—The Man who sees, with
 " the Eye of Reason, that the Chevalier's
 " Pretensions, and the Principles propaga-
 " ted by those of his Party, are incompatible
 " with the Honour, Interest, or Happi-
 " ness of his Country, such a Man walks
 " in the Paths of Understanding, and
 " builds his Notions on a rational Foun-
 " dation. On the contrary, he who only
 " *is what he is* by the help of a romantick
 " Story, or the airy Influence of a Dream,
 " has no Pretensions to the least Degree of
 " Merit, and is at best but *Blindly Right.*"

—Here Mr. Murray interrupted the Cler-
 gyman, and pray, Sir, says he, *what is*
it you aim at by this long Speech? To be
 sure you talk very learnedly; but *what do*
you mean by romantick Stories and airy
Dreams? Methinks this is making rather
 too familiar with those mysterious Methods

by which Providence bath so wonderfully conducted me from Error to Truth, and—
Sir, Interrupted the other, “ What you
“ say argues a very honest Intention, and
“ therefore I think it so much the more
“ my Duty to explain this Matter a little
“ further. My Brother is a merry Fellow,
“ and it is no unusual Thing with him to
“ play a Joke upon his Friends. Some-
“ times this comical Humour of his pro-
“ duces good Effects. I have known him
“ deceive a Man and his Wife into a happy
“ Reconciliation, after they have had so ter-
“ rible a Quarrel, that it has been thought
“ impossible for them ever to come to a
“ good Understanding again. Thus, I
“ perceive, that out of the Respect he had
“ for you, Sir, he has told you a whim-
“ sical Story; a Story which he has cer-
“ tainly invented, on Purpose to make a
“ worthy Man forsake a bad Cause. But
“ since it has had so good an Effect, and
“ you are now happily Converted, it is
“ high Time to put Things in another
“ Light. Believe me the Story of the
“ Warming-Pan is as errant a Piece of
Fiction

" Fiction as a popish Legend ; neither is
 " there any Thing supernatural in your
 " Dream of James the Second's Puppy :
 " Such Things are only the natural Re-
 " sult of the preceding Day's Conversa-
 " tion. As for the old Woman's Inter-
 " pretation, and the kittening of the Cat,
 " they are Circumstances of too ludicrous
 " a Complexion to be seriously consider'd"

—How ! replies Mr. Murray, in A-
 mazement, *have I then been imposed on ?*
 " Yes " quoth the other, " but it was a-
 " happy Imposition, as it was the first
 " Cause of your quitting the destructive
 " Principles of Jacobitism, and winning
 " you over to a Party whose sole Views
 " are center'd in the Happiness of their
 " Country". " Z——ds ! quoth Mr.
 " Murray, passionately interrupting the
 " Clergyman, *tell me not of your Principles,*
 " *and Party, and Happiness, and I know*
 " *not what other idle Stuff—I have been*
 " *imposed on, cheated, and betrayed : I'll*
 " *never believe but that old Marget has*
 " *been in a Confederacy with that lying*
 " *Knave your Brother.—S'life ! I'll re-*

" turn Home directly, and have the Jade
 " burnt for a Witch.—Are these the
 " Artifices you make use of to deceive the
 " Friends of the Chevalier?"—Here the
 Clergyman interrupted the Squire, and
 began to repeat the many fine Things he
 had said concerning Religion, Laws, and
 Liberties ; but the latter had too much
 Sense to pay the least Regard to such Ar-
 guments. As the Warming-Pan Story was
 no longer a Miracle, the *Chevalier* was im-
 mediately re-establish'd in Mr. Murray's
 Opinion.—" Sir, says he, to the Clergyman,
 " 'tis enough for me that the *Chevalier* is
 " still (for ought that hath ever yet been
 " proved to the contrary) the real Son of
 " James the Second ; and, if so, then
 " who but he has a Right to the *British*
 " Crown, let his Education, Capacity, or
 " Religion be of what Nature soever ?
 " For my Part I am convinced that the
 " Doctrine of hereditary indefeasible Right
 " is the only Rule and Law of Succession,
 " and is not to be infringed on any Ac-
 " count whatever. 'Tis a fine Thing,
 " indeed, if Kings are to depend upon
 the

“ the Approbation of their Subjects, or
 “ have their Titles invalidated for the Sake
 “ of securing the Happiness of the People.
 “ —S'death must a King be kept out of
 “ his Father's Throne, only to preserve a
 “ factious Nation from being subjected to
 “ arbitrary Power ? ” —Having made
 this excellent Speech, without tarrying
 for an Answer, he set Spurs to his Horse,
 and flew off like lightning ; leaving the
 Clergyman to ruminate on the Adventure
 by himself,

Mr. Murray was no sooner returned home than he, being himself a Justice of the Peace, made the poor old Woman's *Mittimus*, and committed her to Prison on Suspicion of Witchcraft. As for *Madge*, the Cat, she had already suffer'd the Reward of her Crimes, having been worried to death by a Butcher's Dog : But the Kitten was hung up, as an Accomplice in the vile Practices of her Mother and Mrs. Marget.—And now this Gentleman is in *statu quo*, and may justly be

number'd amongst the most faithful of the
Chevalier's Friends.

N. B. The Reader is desir'd to take Notice that Mr. *Murray* himself furnished me with the Materials out of which I have faithfully compiled the foregoing memorable Piece of History, which it was his particular Desire to have made publick, alledging, as a sufficient Reason, the following Observation of an eminent Author : *viz. It is no Shame for a Man to have been in Error, since, upon his quitting it, he gives the World a sufficient Proof of his being wiser to Day than he was Yesterday.* — 'Tis every Man's Busines to reform, says a famous Philosopher. And so I conclude the Memoirs of the great Mr. *Murray*.

Had it been my Design to have mentioned the Heroes of this Work in the order of their Seniority either of Rank or Merit, then had my Lord *Nairn* found a Place amongst the foremost ; but to take away all Occasion for Contention concerning

ing Precedency, I have recorded them just in the Order wherein they occurr'd to my Memory: Therefore the last Place is equal, in Point of Honour, to the first.

Lord *Nairn* is perhaps the ablest Head, and the greatest Politician in the *Chevalier's* Service. 'Tis said he is to be Prime Minister. Some affirm that his Lordship hath received a Cardinal's Cap from *Rome*: It being intended that (in Imitation of the Practice of the *French* Monarchs) the first Minister shall be a dignified Ecclesiastick. Others declare as poffitively that he is to be created Field Marshal and General of the *British* Forces. Though on the other Hand, some Gentlemen (who perhaps have an Eye upon this last mention'd Dignity themselves) have propagated a Report that his Lordship's Abilities are by no Means fitted for such a Station: And do not fail of insinuating as if his Lordship wanted Courage. But this is certainly a very malicious Asperion, seeing my Lord hath more than once approved himself a Man of Valour: Of this I shall give the

Rea-

Reader one Instance, out of many, all equally true, which I could repeat if Occasion made it requisite.

Lord *Nairn* had once a verbal Dispute, at a publick House, with the Laird of *Grant*. The Subject was Religion; about which they differed so much, that, high and hot Words arising, it was agreed to decide the Controversy by Sword and Pistol : The Laird of *Grant* being the Challenger. A certain large Field was pitch'd upon for the Scene of Battle; and in which, the next Morning, at Sun-rising, the Combatants were privately to meet. Accordingly they met, at the Time and Place appointed ; but the Morning was so obscured by one of those dark Mists which are common enough in the North, that one Person could hardly discern another at thirty or forty Yards distance. *Grant*, who first arrived at the Field, had taken his Post at the upper End, where the Ground was even and proper for the Busness. Lord *Nairn* looking upon his Antagonist as a bloody-minded Man, had resolved to provide against any foul Play ; and therefore he came into the Ground attended by his Footman with a loaded Musket : But, as it happen'd, there was no Occasion for this Precaution, the other intending nothing

thing contrary to the Laws of fair Dueling. His Lordship no sooner arrived in the Field than he began to look about for the Enemy ; and presently he espied, as he thought, several Men armed with Weapons like Forest Bills, and standing, ready to receive him, at about forty Yards distance : But the Thickness of the Mist prevented him from seeing them so clearly as to be certain of their Number, or, indeed, whether they were Men or Beasts. Suspicion, however, supplying the Place of Certainty, my Lord immediately concluded it was the Laird of *Grant*, and at least half a Dozen Ruffians with him : Tho', alas, it was only a few Cows, who had gathered themselves together, and stood with their Faces towards my Lord; their Horns, indeed seeming, thro' the Medium of the Fog, to be forest Bills, or some such like Weapons, rested upon Men's Shoulders. Hereupon my Lord calls to his Servant.—“ *Sawney*”, quo' he, “ fee'st thou yon gang of Villains ? doubtless they have a Design to murder us, —’Tis in vain to think of escaping by Flight ; they see us, and will certainly pursue : Therefore let us stand by each other, and die manfully.” With that he takes the Gun from his Man, and, ad-

vancing a few Steps discharg'd it at the Enemy, and down falls a Cow, with a Couple of Slugs lodg'd in her Brain. The Report of the Gun was sufficient to put the rest to flight. Hereupon my Lord cries out Victory; and order'd *Sawney* to load again; and then both made after the flying Enemy. Presently the Footman came up with *Grant*, who stood amazed at the Noise of the Gun and the scampering of the Cattle. The Fellow no sooner set Eyes on the Laird, than he let Fly, and slightly wounded him in the left Buttock. Upon this *Grant* began to make off, as fast as his Hurt would permit; but in his Flight he fell in with my Lord, who discharged his Pistol at him; which, however, did him no other Mischief than taking a Piece out of his Hat. The Footman coming up at the same Time, he was disarm'd and made a Prisoner. My Lord no sooner perceived that it was *Grant* himself whom they had seized, then he loaded him plentifully with Reproaches. *Traitor*, said he, *hast thou the Confidence to look me in the Face, after having acted in so cowardly and treacherous a Manner?* But thou hast got thy deserts, and art fallen into the Pit which thou hadst the Wickedness to dig for another. *Grant* on the other hand,

hand, equally enraged at the victorious *Nairn*, cried out, “ O thou base impudent Villain ! Hast thou the Impudence, thou vile Coward ! to upbraid me with Treachery, when at the same Time thou hast brought an Assassin to help thee to murder me in the Field ? ” *S'death*, replies the exasperated *Nairn*, *Dost think to deny thy perfidious Designs ? Didst thou not bring with thee a Gang of armed Ruffians ; and did I not shoot one of them, and put thee, with the rest of thy Poltroons, to flight ? But since thy escape is luckily prevented, come hither, Villain, that I may confront thee with thy wicked Associate.*—With that the Victors dragg'd the Prisoner towards the Place where the poor Cow met her Fate—But how great was their Astonishment and Confusion, when they beheld the unfortunate Beast weltering in its own Blood ? A while they stood gazing at each other, till *Grant*, who now began to smoke the Busines, broke Silence. *Z—ds !* said he, you have killed one of Farmer *Glenco's* Cows ! What the Devil is the Meaning of all this ? My Lord and his Man now plainly saw their Mistake, and both hung down their Heads, unable to Answer a Word : However, as the Laird had suffer'd much from the Loss of Blood, they set him on

Horse-back, and the Footman getting up behind supported him till they came to a Surgeon's at *Dumfries*; near which Place this memorable Transaction happen'd.

The above Exploit, whatever Idea it may give the Reader of Lord *Nairn's* Character, in other Respects, is undoubtedly sufficient to prove him a Man of extraordinary Courage: Though, it must be confess'd, he was guilty of some oversight in Point of Conduct.

Sir *Patrick Oliphant of Gask* is a Person of great Parts and Learning; and is thought to understand Astrology the best of any Man in *Scotland*. About two Years ago he had a learned Conversation with a famous travelling Gypsy, who is very well known, in those Parts, both as Conjuror, and Fortune-teller. This Conjuror, or Fortune-teller, call him which you will, after some Compliments to Sir *Patrick*, on his great Understanding and Knowledge in the Sciences, assured him that he, the said Sir *Patrick*, would infallibly rise to great Preferment at Court, provided he would but make his Appearance there. The Knight did not at first much regard this Prediction; but, a Day or two after the Magician's Departure, being alone in his Closet, and reflecting on his own Merit, he soon convinced himself that there was nothing

nothing improbable in what the Fortune-teller had said. Hereupon he set out for *London**, and arriving there just at the Time when Lord *Carteret* evacuated his Post of Prime Minister, he resolved to improve so promising an Opportunity for succeeding that Statesman, in the high Office he had been oblig'd to quit. In order to this he presented a Memorial to the King, wherein were set forth his peculiar Merits and Qualifications, and which concluded with desiring, in Consideration of the Premisses, "to be made chief Minister of State ; Master of the Ceremonies, or Buck-Hounds ; or first Lord of the Admiralty ; or whatever else his Majesty should think most worthy a Person of his Qualifications." But the King, instead of accepting the Knight's Offers, only laugh'd at his Pretensions, and demanded of his Courtiers if any of them knew who had put such a Frolick into the Fool's Head ? So ungrateful an Answer to a Person who had travelled so far on purpose to serve his King and Country, was enough to provoke Sir *Patrick* to the highest Degree. Exasperated at the

* It must be confessed that Sir *Patrick*, tho' himself an Adept in the Science, mistook the exact Meaning of the Prediction ; for, as the Event hath since shewn, it was not in the Court of *George II.* that the Knight was to meet with Preferment.

little Respect which had been shewn him at Court, he returned to *Scotland*, denouncing Vengeance if ever it should lie in his Power. Accordingly, when the Chevalier landed, Sir *Patrick*, with his Brother *Daniel*, and 300 of their Followers, joined him at *Perth*. And now the Gipsy's Prediction is fulfill'd, the Knight being advanced to the Dignity of first Lord of the Admiralty, in the Room of the Duke of *Bedford*, who is to be removed as soon as the Chevalier shall have absolutely recovered the *British* Crown.

Thus have I impartially delineated the Characters of the principal Persons in the Chevalier's Service, and faithfully recited those Facts which it was necessary to relate in order, to give the Reader a just Idea of their respective Inducements for taking up Arms against the present Government. And I hope, with that Assurance which conscious Virtue gives, that my Labours will not be in vain ; and that my Intention in drawing my Pen, on this Occasion, will be faithfully answered, *viz.* to convince the World that our Chiefs are Men of Courage, Wisdom, Conscience, and Honour.—Should it be objected that I have said nothing in behalf of those of inferior Rank amongst us, I answer, that as the petty Officers and common Soldiers

ers are mostly Dependants upon the great ones I have mention'd, consequently the sensible Reader will think it needless to be told that they only think and act as they are ordered. Indeed many of the Officers and others who are really Volunteers, have joined the Cause purely for Conscience sake ; or have been excited by a just Resentment of the Grievances and Oppressions they have suffer'd under the Government of the *Hanover* Family. For Instance, Major *Cameron* had the Incumbrance of an obstinate Whiggish Father upon his Estate, who, it seems, had resolved to live and enjoy it as long as he could ; to the great Prejudice of the said Major : Who was always esteemed a Man of good Principles, and well affected to the Interests of the *Chevalier*. But since the late glorious Turn of Affairs, the Major has gained his Point, and turned the unconscionable old Hunks out of Doors.— Captain *Mackenzie* married a Wife (whom he is now tired of) in the Reign of *George* the first, and has never been able to get rid of her since.— Ensign *Macknight* had the Misfortune of being born a younger Brother, and yet the Government hath never made any suitable Provision for him : Notwithstanding he outrun his Apprenticeship to an *Edinburgh* Attorney,

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on Purpose to serve his King and Country in the Army ; in order to which he went up to *London*, and enlisted in the Foot Guards. But there, instead of meeting with Preferment, he was ungratefully drum'd out of the Regiment, only for pawn-ing his Arms to supply his Necessities ; and for getting Drunk on Sundays---Quarter-Master *Glenargy* hath generously spent his Fortune, since the present King came to the Throne, and yet the Government hath never made him the least Satisfaction.——

Jemmy Clarck, ——Chaplain to *Macdonald's* Regiment, was by Profession a Bailiff's Follower, but having long had an Inclination to turn Parson, had the ill Luck to be several Times refused Ordination, once on account of his being a *Jacobite*; but oftener on the frivolous Pretence of being a bad Moralist. Therefore he has attach'd himself to the *Chevalier's* Party, amongst whom he knew such Objections would never be made.——But, as it would be endless to enumerate such Examples, I shall conclude with this Observation, *viz.* That a Cause so just, and so Popular as the *Chevalier's*, and supported by so many illustrious Heroes, cannot fail of being finally crowned with the most glorious Success.

F / I N I S.



